

RULE a WIFE,
AND
HAVE a WIFE,
A
COMEDY.

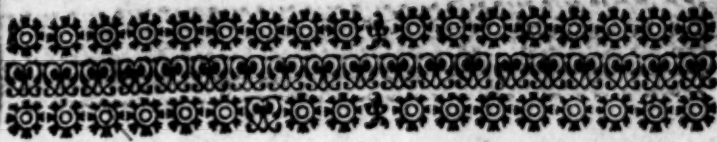
Written by
Mr. BEAUMONT and Mr. FLETCHER.



L O N D O N :

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PROLOGUE.

Leasure attend ye, and about ye sit
The Springs of Mirth, Fancy, Delight, and Wit,
To stir you up. Do not your Looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late Errors call;
Because this Day we're Spaniards all again,
The Story of our Play, and our Scene Spain.
The Errors too do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their Wit, and not their State;
Nor, Ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh Beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross Errors in your Kingdom reign.
We're Vestals all, and though we blow the Fire,
We seldom make it flame up to Desire.
Take no Example neither, to begin;
For some by Precedent delight to sin.
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your Fans close, and then smile at ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor, Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some Men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you; you're free,
We tax no farther than our Comedy:
You are our Friends; sit noble then, and see.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.



DUKE of Medina.

Don Juan de Castro, a Spanish Colonel.

Sanchio,

Alonzo,

} Officers in the Army.

Michael Perez, the Copper Captain.

Leon, Brother to Altea; and by her Contrivance married to Margarita.

Cacafogo, a rich Usurer.

W O M E N.

Margarita, a wanton Lady, married to Leon; by whom she is reclaim'd.

Altea, her Servant.

Clara, a Spanish Lady.

Estifania, a Woman of Intrigue, married to Perez.

Three Old Ladies.

An Old Woman, and Maid.

S C E N E Spain.

Rule



Rule a WIFE, and have a WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Michael Perez.

Mich.  *RE* your Companies full, Colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir:

Nor will be this Month yet, as I reckon.

How rises your Command?

Mich. We pick up still; and as our Moneys hold out,
We have Men come. About that time, I think,
We shall be full too: Many young Gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd:

The Wars are dainty Dreams to young hot Spirits;
Time and Experience will allay those Visions.
We have strange Things to fill our Numbers:
There's one *Don Leon*, a strange goodly Fellow,
Recommended to me from some noble Friends,

A 3.

From

From my *Alferes* : Had you but seen his Person,
And what a Giant's Promise it protesteth.

Mich. I have heard of him, and that he hath serv'd
before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, Don
Michael,

That came to my Ears yet : Ask him a Question,
He blushes like a Girl, and answers little,
To the Point less. He wears a Sword, a good one,
And good Clothes too : He is whole skinn'd, has no
Hurt yet ;

Good promising Hopes : I never yet heard certainly
Of any Gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him : He'll conclude a Peace, if need
be :

Many as strong as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as Heart can wish ;
Their Mouths charg'd with six Oaths at once, and whole
ones ;

That make the drunken *Dutch* creep into Mole-Hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, *Mich.*
Perez,

When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great
Heiress ?

Mich. I hear every Hour of her, though I never saw
her :

She is the main Discourse. Noble Don *Juan de Castro*,
How happy were that Man could catch this Wench up,
And live at ease ! She is fair, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too

In all her Entertainments, as Men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir ; that I know for certain :
And that comes seldom without Wantonness.
He that shall marry her, must have a rare Hand.

Mich. Wou'd I were married, I would find that
Wisdom :

With a light Rein to rule my Wife. If ever Woman,
Of the most subtle Mould, went beyond me,
I would give the Boys leave to hoot me out o'th' Parish.

Enter

Have a Wife.

7

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two Gentlewomen attend to speak With you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome Women?

Ser. They seem so: Very handsome; but they are veil'd, Sir.

Mich. Thou put'st Sugar in my Mouth: How it melts with me!

I love a sweet young Wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say.

[*Ex. Serv.*

Mich. Don *Juan*.

Juan. How you itch, *Michael*! How you burnish! Will not this Soldier's Heat out of your Bones yet?

Do your Eyes glow now?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest; What Shame have you then?

Mich. I would fain see that:

I have been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange Things;

But two honest Women! — One I read of once.

Juan. Prithee be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara and Estifania veil'd.

Juan. You are welcome, Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded! I like 'em well enough though. They come not for Advice in Law, sure, hither:

May be they would learn to raise the Pike:

I am for 'em. They are very modest: 'Tis a fine Preludium.

Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman Would you speak, Lady?

Clara. With you, Sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro*.

Mich. Her Curtain opens: She is a pretty Gentlewoman.

†

Juan.

Rule a Wife, and

Juan. I am the Man; and shall be bound to Fortune,
I may do any Service to your Beauties.

Clara. Captain, I hear you are marching down to
Flanders,
To serve the Catholick King.

Juan. I am, sweet Lady.

Clara. I have a Kinsman, and a noble Friend,
Imploy'd in those Wars; may be, Sir, you know him,
Don *Campusano*, Captain of Carbines;
To whom I would request your Nobleness,
To give this poor Remembrance. [A Letter.

Juan. I shall do it:
I know the Gentleman; a most worthy Captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[Ex. *Juan and Clara.*

Mich. Prithee, let me see thy Face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me;
Women of our sort, that maintain fair Memories,
And keep Suspect off from their Chastities,
Had need wear thicker Veils.

Mich. I am no Blaster of a Lady's Beauty,
Nor bold Intruder on her special Favours:
I know how tender Reputation is,
And with what Guards it ought to be preserv'd. Lady,
You may to me.

Estif. You must excuse me, Signior: I come
Not here to sell my self.

Mich. As I am a Gentleman, by the Honour of a Sol-
dier.

Estif. I believe you:

I pray you be civil. I believe you would see me;
And when you have seen me, I believe you will like me:
But in a strange Place, to a Stranger too;
As if I came on purpose to betray you:
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly;
And 'tis a Sin to sling away Affection.
I have no Mistress, no Desire to honour

Any.

Any but you. Will not this Oyster open?
I know not, you have struck me with your Modesty
(She will draw sure) so deep, and taken from me
All the Desire I might bestow on others.
Quickly, before they come.

Estif. Indeed, I dare not.

But since I see you are so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor Face, that can merit nothing
But your Repentance.

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what Honesty you ask it of me?
When I am gone, let your Man follow me;
And view what House I enter; thither come:
For there I dare be bold to appear open.
And as I like your virtuous Carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, a Servant.

I shall be able to give Welcome to you.
She has done her Business: I must take my leave, Sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white Hand, and thank you,
Lady.

My Man shall wait, and I shall be your Servant:
Sirrah, come near; hark.

Ser. I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.

Juan. You will command me no more Services?

Clara. To be careful of your noble Health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your Hands. Wait on the Ladies down there.

[Exeunt Ladies and Servants.

Mich. You had the Honour to see the Face that
came to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; What was yours, Don
Michael?

Mich. Mine was i'th' Clipse, and had a Cloud drawn
over it.

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome:
She had a Hand would stir a holy Hermit.

Juan

Rule a Wife, and

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain.

But I'll say nothing till I see the Proof on't:
Sit close, Don *Perez*, or your Worship's caught.
I fear a Fly.

Mich. Were those she brought Love-Letters?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinsman now in *Flanders*.
Yours was very modest methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd Thing:
But I may live to see ———

Juan. 'Tis worth Experience:
Let's walk abroad and view our Companies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanchio and Alonzo.

Sanch. What, are you for the Wars, *Alonzo*?

Alon. It may be I;

It may be no; e'en as the Humour takes me,
If I find Peace amongst the female Creatures,
And easy Entertainment, I'll stay at home:
I am not so far obliged yet to long Marches
And mouldy Bisket, to run mad for Honour.
When you are all gone, I have my Choice before me.

Sanch. Of which Hospital thou wilt sweat in: Wilt
thou
Never leave whoring?

Alon. There is less Danger in't than gunning, *Sanchio*:
Though we be shot sometimes, the Shot's not mortal;
Besides, it breaks no Limbs.

Sanch. But it disables 'em:
Dost thou see how thou pull'st thy Legs after thee, as they
Hung by Points?

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden
ones;

Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.

Sanch. Fy, fy, 'tis base.

Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'Tis the Crown of Honour.

You

Have a Wife.

II

You think it nothing to lie twenty Days
Under a Surgeon's Hands, that has no Mercy.

Sanch. As thou hast done, I am sure : But I perceive
now

Why you desire to stay : The orient Heiress,
The *Margarita*, Sir.

Alon. I would I had her.

Sanch. They say she will marry.

Alon. I think she will.

Sanch. And marry suddenly, as Report goes too.
She fears her Youth will not hold out, *Alonzo*.

Alonzo. I would I had the sheathing on't.

Sanch. They say too,

She has a greedy Eye that must be fed
With more than one Man's Meat.

Alon. Would she were mine,

I would cater for her well enough. But, *Sanchio*,
There be too many great Men that adore her ;
Princes, and Princes Fellows that claim Privilege.

Sanch. Yet those stand off i'th' way of Marriage :
To be tied to a Man's Pleasure is a second Labour.

Alon. She has bought a brave House here in Town.

Sanch. I have heard so.

Alon. If she convert it now to pious Uses,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome.

Sanch. When comes she to it ?

Alon. Within these two Days. She is in the Coun-
try yet,

And keeps the noblest House,

Sanch. Then there's some Hope of her.

Wilt thou go my way ?

Alon. No, no ; I must leave you,
And repair to an old Gentlewoman

That has Credit with her, that can speak a good
Word.

Sanch. Send thee good Fortune ; but make thy Body
sound first.

Alon.

Rule a Wife, and

Alon. I am a Soldier,
And too found a Body becomes me not ;
Farewel, *Sanchio.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Serv. 'Tis this, or that House, or I have lost my aim :
They are both fair Buildings. She walked plaguy fast,

Enter Estifania.

And hereabouts I lost her. Stay, that's she,
'Tis very she — She makes me a low Court'sy ;
Let me note the Place ; the Street I will remember.
[*Exit.*

She is in again : Certain some noble Lady.
How happy should I be, if she love my Master ?
A wondrous goodly House ! Here are brave Lodgings !
And I shall sleep now like an Emperor,
And eat abundantly. I thank my Fortune :
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy Tidings.
[*Exit.*

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste
We are sent for ?

2 *Lady.* Belike the Lady *Margaret* has some Business
She would break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wise young Lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warran tye,
For a young Woman of her Years : 'Tis a pity
To load her tender Age with too much Virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away
with.

Enter

Have a Wife!

13

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good morrow, Ladies.

All. 'Morrow, my good Madam.

1 Lady. How does the sweet young Beauty, Lady
Margaret?

2 Lady. Has she slept well, after her Walk last Night?

1 Lady. Are her Dreams gentle to her Mind?

Alt. All's well;

She's very well. She sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her Counsel in a Business
That much concerns her.

2 Lady. She does well and wisely
To ask the Counsel of the antient'st, Madam:
Our Years have run through many things she knows
not.

Alt. She would fain marry.

1 Lady. 'Tis a proper Calling,
And well befits her Years: Who would she yoke
with?

Alt. That's left to argue on: I pray come in,
And break your Fast, drink a good Cup or two,
To strengthen your Understandings. Then she'll tell ye.

2 Lady. And good Wine breeds good Counsel:
We'll yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan de Castro and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any Service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What Office bore ye?

Leon. None; I was not worthy.

Juan. What Captains know you?

Leon. None: They were above me.

Juan. Were you never hurt?

B

Leon.

Leon. Not that I well remember :
But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me.
Pray ask me no long Questions ; I have an ill Memory.

Juan. This is an Ass. Did you never draw your
Sword yet ?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heaven for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en Prisoner.

Leon. No, I ran away :

For I had ne'er no Money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a Drum.

Leon. It makes my Head ach.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you are drunk ?

Leon. I think not : But I am loving, Sir.

Juan. What a Lump is this Man ?

Was your Father wife ?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure ;

For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.

Juan. That was no foolish Part, I'll bear you
witness.

Canst thou lie with a Woman ?

Leon. I think I could make shift, Sir ;

But I am bashful.

Juan. In the Night ?

Leon. I know not ;

Darkness, indeed, may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my Officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight ?

Leon. There be more Officers of my Opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir ; Men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a Bullet ?

Leon. Why, by chance :

They aim at honourable Men ; alas ! I am none, Sir.

Juan. This Fellow has some Doubts in's Talk that
strike me :

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all Fool. Welcome, *Alonzo.*

Alon.

Alon. What have you got there ? Temperance into
your Company ?
The Spirit of Peace ? We shall have Wars

Enter Cacafogo.

By th'ounce then. Oh ! here's another Pumpion :
Let him loose, for Luck-sake : The cramm'd Son
Of a starv'd Usurer, *Cacafogo*. Both their Brains
butter'd
Cannot make two Spoonfuls.

Caca. My Father's dead : I am a Man of War too ;
Moneys, Demesns : I have Ships at Sea too,
Captains.

Juan. Take heed o'th' *Hollanders* : Your Ships may
leak else.

Caca. I scorn the *Hollanders* : They are Drunkards.

Alon. Put up your Gold, Sir ; I'll borrow it else.

Caca. I am satisfied, you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine Anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou hast wrong'd mine Honour ;
Thou look'dst upon my Mistress thrice lasciviously :
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat your self ; you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou want'st my Money too, with a Pair of
base Bones,

In whom there was no Truth ; for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much ; now I will hurt thee dangerously :
This shall provoke thee. *[He strikes.]*

Alon. You struck too low by a Foot, Sir.

Juan. You must get a Ladder when you would beat
This Fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again ; pray pardon
me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my Pardon, I had kill'd
thee.

I leave thee as a thing despis'd, *affoles manus a vostra
sniare*

A Maistre.

[*Ex. Cacafogo.*

Alon. You have 'scap'd by Miracle : There is not in
all *Spain*

A Spirit of more Fury than this Fire-Drake.

Leon. I see he is hasty ; and I would give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he would take my Bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this Fellow ?

Alon. Turn him off :

He will infect the Camp with Cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some Weeks hence, Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler Officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[*Exit.*

Enter Estifania and Perez.

Per. You have made me now too bountiful amends,
Lady,

For your strict Carriage when you saw me first :

These Beauties were not meant to be conceal'd ;

It was wrong to hide so sweet an Object.

I cou'd now chide ye ; but it shall be thus :

No other Anger ever touch your Sweetness.

Estif. You appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a Blush, Sir, I dare bid ye welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your Name.

Estif. 'Tis *Estifania*, the Heir of this poor Place.

Per. Poor do you call it ?

There's nothing that I cast mine Eyes upon,

But shews both rich and admirable : All the Rooms

Are hung as if a Princess were to dwell here ;

The Gardens, Orchards, every thing so curious.

Is all that Plate your own too ?

Estif. 'Tis but little,

Only for present Use : I have more, and richer,

When need shall call, or Friends compel me use it.

The

The Suits you see of all the upper Chambers,
Are those that commonly adorn the House ;
I think I have besides, as fair, as civil,
As any Town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some Hopes.
Are you a Maid ?

Estif. You make me blush to answer :
I ever was accounted so to this Hour ;
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

Per. Then would I counsel you to marry presently ;
(If I can get her, I am made for ever)
For every Year you lose, you lose a Beauty.
A Husband now, an honest careful Husband,
Were such a Comfort ! Will ye walk above Stairs ?

Estif. This Place will fit our Talk ; 'tis fitter far,
Sir ;
Above there are Day-Beds, and such Temptations,
I dare not trust, Sir.

Per. She is excellent wife withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a Husband : I am not so strict,
Sir,
Nor ty'd unto a Virgin's Solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a Soldier, for so I have vowed he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him ;
But above all he must love.

Per. He were base else.
There's Comfort ministred in the word Soldier :
How sweetly should I live !

Estif. I am not so ignorant, but that I know well
How to be commanded,
And how again to make my self obey'd, Sir :
I waste but little ; I have gather'd much :
My Rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my Direction. To please my Husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my Duty,
To be his Maid i'th' Kitchen, or his Cook,
As in the Hall to know my self the Mistress.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident : Now, Fortune, stick
To me. I am a Soldier, and a Bachelor, Lady ;
And such a Wife as you I cou'd love infinitely.
They that use many Words, some are deceitful :
I long to be a Husband, and a good one ;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a Precedent
For all that follow me, to love their Ladies.
I am young, you see ; able I would have you think too ;
If't please you, know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal Wealth
With ye : But Jewels, Chains, such as the War
Has given me, a thousand Duckets, I dare
Presume on in ready Gold, now as your
Care may handle it ; as rich Clothes too, as
Any He bears Arms, Lady.

Esif. You are a true Gentleman, and fair, I see by ye ;
And such a Man I had rather take.

Per. Pray do so : I'll have a Priest o'th' sudden.

Esif. And as suddenly you will repent too.

Per. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first ;

By this, and this, and this Kiss.

Esif. You are a Flatterer :

But I must say, there was something, when I saw you
First, in that most noble Face, that stirr'd my Fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better e'er you sleep, sweet Lady.

I'll send for all my Trunks, and give up all to ye,

Into your own Dispose, before I bed ye :

And then, sweet Wench.

Esif. You have the Art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita and two Ladies, and Altea.

Marg.  I T down, and give me your Opinions seriously.

1 Lady. You say you have a mind to marry, Lady.

Marg. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my Credit; Yet not so much for that, as for my State, Ladies. Conceive me right; there lies the main o'th' Question: Credit I can redeem; Money will imp it. But when my Money's gone, when the Law shall Seize that, and for Incontinency strip me Of all.

1 Lady. Do you find your Body so malicious that way?

Marg. I find it as all Bodies are, that are young and lusty,

Lazy and high fed: I desire my Pleasure, And Pleasure I must have.

2 Lady. 'Tis fit you should have, Your Years require it: And 'tis necessary, As necessary as Meat to a young Lady; Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye single? You take away Variety in Marriage; The Abundance of the Pleasure you are barr'd then. Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Marg. Yes; why was I made a Woman?

2 Lady. And every day a new?

Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 Lady.

Rule a Wife, and

1 *Lady*. You are still i'th' right; why would you marry then?

Altea. Because a Husband stops all Doubts in this Point,

And clears all Passages.

2 *Lady*. What Husband mean ye?

Altea. A Husband of an easy Faith, a Fool, Made by her Wealth, and moulded to her Pleasure; One, though he see himself become a Monster, Shall hold the Door, and entertain the Maker.

2 *Lady*. You grant there may be such a Man?

1 *Lady*. Yes, marry; but how to bring 'em to this rare Perfection?

2 *Lady*. They must be chosen so: Things of no Honour, Nor outward Honesty.

Marg. No; 'tis no matter: I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 *Lady*. Methinks now a rich Lawyer, some such Fellow

That carries Credit, and a Face of Awe, But lies with nothing but his Client's Business.

Marg. No; there's no trusting them, they are too subtle;

The Law has moulded 'em of natural Mischief.

1 *Lady*. Then some grave Governor, Some Man of Honour, yet an easy Man?

Marg. If he have Honour, I am undone: I'll none such.

I'll have a lusty Man: Honour will cloy me.

Altea. 'Tis fit you should, Lady: And to that end, with Search, and Wit, and Labour, I have found one out, a right one, and a perfect: He is made as strong as Brass; is of brave Years too, And doughty of Complexion.

Marg. Is he a Gentleman?

Altea.

Altea. Yes, and a Soldier ; as gentle as you would with him :

A good Fellow, wears good Clothes.

Marg. Those I'll allow him ;

They are for my Credit. Does he understand But little ?

Altea. Very little.

Marg. 'Tis the better.

Have not the Wars bred him up to Anger ?

Altea. No ; he will not quarrel with a Dog that bites him :

Let him be drunk or sober, is one Silence.

Marg. He's no Capacity what Honour is ?

For that's the Soldier's God.

Altea. Honour's a thing too subtil for his Wisdom :

If Honour lie in eating, he is right honourable.

Marg. Is he so goodly a Man, do you say ?

Altea. As you shall see, Lady :

But to all this is but a Trunk.

Marg. I would have him so :

I shall add Branches to him to adorn him.

Go, find me out this Man, and let me see him :

If he be that Motion that you tell me of,

And make no more Noise, I shall entertain him.

Let him be here.

Altea. He shall attend your Ladiship. [Exeunt.]

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed ?

Per. No, no ; pray think so :

Alas ! I am a Fellow of no reckoning ;

Not worth a Lady's Eye.

Alon. Would'st thou steal a Fortune,

And make none of all thy Friends acquainted with it,

Nor bid us to thy Wedding ?

Per. No, indeed ;

There was no Wisdom in't : To bid an Artist,

An old Seducer to a Female Banquet !

I can cut up my Pye without your Instructions.

Juan.

Juan. Was it the Wench i'th' Veil?

Perez. Balto, 'twas she:

The prettiest Rogue that e'er you look'd upon;
The loving'st Thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Per. A Mine, a Mine; there is no end of Wealth;
Colonel:

I am an Ass, a bashful Fool. Prithee, Colonel,
How do thy Companies fill now?

Juan. You are merry, Sir:

You intend a safer War at home, belike, now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this Year,
Colonel;

I find my self given to my Ease a little:
I care not if I sell my foolish Company;
They are Things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me;
This fellow at first sight should win a Lady,
A rich young Wench; and I that have consum'd
My Time and Art in searching out their Subtilties,
Like a fool'd Alchymist blow up my Hopes still!
When shall we come to thy House and be freely merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more,
I have an House to entertain an Army.

Alon. If thy Wife be fair, thou wilt have few less
Come to thee.

Per. But where they'll get Entertainment is the Point,
Signior:

I beat no Drum.

Alon. You need none but her Taber:

Per. May be I'll march after a Month or two,
To get me a fresh Stomach. I find, Colonel,
A Wantonness in Wealth, methinks, I agree not with;
'Tis such a Trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand Things of great Importance,
Jewels, and Plates, and Fooleries molest me,
To have a Man's Brains whimsied with his Wealth:
Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Mistrefs, Sir, is sick, because you are absent:
She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my Jewel!
Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your fair Leaves;
You see I am ty'd a little to my Yoke:
Pray pardon me. Would ye had both such loving
Wives.

Juan. I thank ye [Ex. Perez, Serv.
For your old Boots. Never be blank, *Alonzo*,
Because this Fellow has out-stript thy Fortune:
Tell me ten Days hence what he is, and how
The gracious State of Matrimony stands with him.
Come, let's to Dinner. When *Margarita* comes,
We'll visit both; it may be then your Fortune. [Exeunt.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Marg. Is he come?

Altea. Yes, Madam; he's been here this half-hour.
I have question'd him of all you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the Man;
He will make the goodliest Shadow for Iniquity.

Marg. Have ye search'd him, Ladies?

Omnes. He's a Man at all Points, a likely Man.

Marg. Call him in, *Altea*. [Exit *Altea*.

Enter Leon, Altea.

A Man of a good Prefence! Pray ye, come this way.
Of a lusty Body! Is his Mind so tame?

Altea. Pray ye, question him; and if you find him
not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off: There's no harm
Done.

Marg. Can you love a young Lady? How he blushes!

Altea.

Altea. Leave twirling of your Hat, and hold your Head up,
And speak to th' Lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can ;
I must be taught, I know not what it means, Madam.

Marg. You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a Week or two ?
You shall have Men and Horses to attend ye,
And Money in your Purse.

Leon. Yes, I love Riding ;
And when I am from home, I am so merry !

Marg. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with Obedience,
And do your Duty to the Lady loves you ?

Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.

Marg. And when you see her Friends here,
Or noble Kinsmen, can you entertain
Their Servants in the Cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear ?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Marg. Let me try your Kisses.
How the Fool shakes ! I will not eat ye, Sir.
Beshrew my Heart, he kisses wondrous manly.
Can ye do any thing else ?

Leon. Indeed, I know not :
But if your Ladiship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Marg. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this Lady that affects ye ;
Nay, say I marry ye ?

Altea. Hark to the Lady.

Marg. What Money have ye ?

Leon. None, Madam ; nor Friends :
I won'd do any thing to serve your Ladiship.

Marg. You must not look to be my Master, Sir,
Nor talk i'th' House as tho you wore the Breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon.

Leon. I will not:

Alas! I am not able; I have no Wit, Madam.

Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;

'Twill spoil your Head: I take ye upon Charity,
And like a Servant ye must be unto me.
As I behold your Duty, I shall love ye;
And as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye.
Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.

Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me;
Scarce know me when I call you not.

Leon. I will not: Atlas, I never knew my self sufficiently.

Marg. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to please ye.

Marg. Indeed, you must fetch and carry, as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Marg. Kifs me again. A strong Fellow!
There is a Vigour in his Lips. If you see me
Kifs any other, twenty in an Hour, Sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kifs a thousand, I shall be contented:
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Altea. I told ye, Madam.

Marg. 'Tis the Man I wish'd for: The less you speak.

Leon. I'll never speak again, Madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.

Marg. Get me a Priest; I'll wed him instantly.
But when you are married, Sir, you must wait
Upon me; and see you observe my Laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Marg. I'll give you better Clothes, when you deserve
em.

Come in, and serve for Witness.

Omnes. We shall, Madam.

Marg. And then away to th' City presently :
I'll to my new House, and new Company.

Leon. A thousand Crowns are thine, and I am a made Man.

Altea. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, Wench. [Exeunt.

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a Paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him ?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him
A Man of those Hopes that you aim'd at ?

Estif. Yes, too ;
And the most kind Man, and the ablest also
To give a Wife Content : He is sound as old Wine ;
And to his Soundness rises on the Palate :
And there's the Man ! Find him rich too, *Clara.*

Clara. Hast thou married him ?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a Bait,
Wench ?

I bob for Fools ? He is mine own ; I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a Trout :
And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily ;
And all he has I have 'stow'd at my Devotion.

Clara. Does thy Lady know this ? She is coming
now to Town,
Now to live here in this House.

Estif. Let her come ;
She shall be welcome : I am prepar'd for her.
She is mad, sure, if she be angry at my Fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Clara. Dost thou not love him ?

Estif. Yes, entirely well :
As long as there he stays, and looks no farther
Into my Ends : But when he doubts, I hate him ;
And that wise Hate will teach me how to cozen him ;
How to decline their Wives, and curb their Manners ;
To put a stern and strong Rein to their Natures,

And

And holds he is an Ass not worth Acquaintance,
That cannot mould a Devil to Obedience ;
I owe him a good Turn for these Opinions ;
And as I find his Temper, I may pay him.

Enter Perez.

O! here he is. Now you shall see a kind Man.

Per. My *Estifania*, shall we to Dinner, Lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter, but methinks a Paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You are welcome to it, Sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest Seat in *Spain*,
Wench ;

Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i'th' Garden,
In one o'th' Arbours : There 'tis cool and pleasant :
And have our Wine cold in the running Fountain.
Who's that ?

Estif. A Friend of mine, Sir.

Per. Of what Breeding ?

Estif. A Gentlewoman, Sir.

Per. What Business has she ?

Is she a learned Woman i'th' Mathematicks ?
Can she tell Fortunes ?

Estif. More than I know, Sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a Letter from a Kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my Absence, Wife ?
Or comes she from the Doctor to salute ye,
And learn your Health ? She looks not like a Confessor.

Estif. What needs all this ? Why are you troubled,
Sir ?

What do you suspect ? She cannot cuckold ye :
She is a Woman, Sir, a very Woman.

Per. Your very Woman may do very well, Sir,
Toward the matter ; for though she cannot perform it
In her own Person, she may do it by proxy :
Your rarest Jugglers work still by Conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy, Husband, you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me?

Per. No, indeed, Wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more
Cause,

And clearer too. I am sure you have heard say, Husband,

A Woman forced, will free her self through Iron.

A happy, calm, and good Wife discontented,

May be taught Tricks.

Per. No, no; I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow, Friend, I'll see you.

Clara. I shall leave ye

Till then; and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*]

Estif. Why, where's this Girl? Who's at the Door?

[*Knocking.*]

Per. Who knocks there?

Is't for the King ye come, you knock so boisterously?

Look to the Door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live, Mistress! my Lady's
come!

She's at the Door: I peep'd through, and I saw her,
And a stately Company of Ladies with her.

Estif. This was a Week too soon: But I must meet
with her,

And set a new Wheel going; and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at Door?

Estif. Such, my *Michael*,

As you may bless the Day they enter'd there,
Such, for our Good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better,

If you will let me but dispose the Business,

And be a Stranger to it, and not disturb me:

What have I now to do but to advance your Fortune?

Per.

Per. Do, I dare trust thee: I am asham'd I am angry.

I find thee a wise young Wife.

Estif. I'll wife your Worship
Before I leave ye. Pray ye walk by, and say nothing;
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, Sir.
I was born to make ye a Man.

Per. The Rogue speaks heartily;
Her Good-will colours in her Cheeks: I am born to love her:

I must be gentler to these tender Natures:
A Soldier's rude harsh Words besit not Ladies,
Nor must we talk to them, as we talk to
Our Officers. I'll give her Way; for 'tis for me she
Works now, I am Husband, Heir, and all she has.

Enter Margarita, Estifania, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who are these? what flanting Things? a Woman
Of rare Presence! excellent fair! This is too big
For a Baudy-House; too open seated too.

Estif. My Husband, Lady.

Marg. You have gain'd a proper Man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your Servant Lady.

[*Kisses.*]

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now,
And I shall make ye rich: This is my Cousin:
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to death: See how
he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly Woman.

Estif. She is a Mirror:

But she is poor; she were for a Prince's Side else.
This House she has brought him to as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and upon my Courtesy.
Conceive me short: He knows not but she is wealthy;
Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He is so far gone.

Per. Forward! She has a rare Face!

Estif. This we must carry with Discretion, Husband,
And yield unto her for four Days.

Per. Yield our House up! our Goods and Wealth!

Estif. All this is but in seeming,
To milk the Lover on. Do you see this Writing?
Two hundred Pounds a Year when they are married
Has she sealed to for our Good: The Time's unfit now,
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Per. All the House!

Estif. All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm him.
They'll into th' Country suddenly again
After they are match'd; and then she'll open to him.

Per. The whole Possession, Wife! Look what you
do:

A part o'th' House.

Estif. No, no: They shall have all;
And take their Pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four Days? Had you a Sister, Sir,
A Niece, or Mistress, thar required this Courtesy?
And should I make a Scruple to do you good!

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, Sir,

As easily as it came on. Is't not a pity
To let such a Gentlewoman for little Help —
You give away no House.

Per. Clear but that Question.

Estif. I'll put the Writings into your Hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I am satisfied. Wou'd I had the Wench so
too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his Love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this Pinch,
May have Heaven knows what.

Per. I'll remove the Goods streight.
And take some poor House by: 'Tis but for four
Days.

Estif.

Estif. I have a poor old Friend : There we'll be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the House clear.

Per. Well.

Estif. That little Stuff we'll use shall follow after,
And a Boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made
both.

Marg. Come, let's go in. Are all the Rooms kept
sweet, Wench?

Estif. They are sweet and neat. [Exit Perez.

Marg. Why, where's your Husband?

Estif. Gone, Madam :
When you come to your own, he must give place,
Lady.

Marg. Well, send your Joy : You would not let me
know't ;

Yet I shall not forget ye.

Estif. Thank your Ladiship. [Exeunt.



A C T.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Altea.  *RE* you at ease now? Is your Heart
at rest?

Now you have got a Shadow, an
Umbrella,

To keep the scorching World's Opinion
From your fair Credit?

Marg. I am at peace, *Altea* :

If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a Master of that Ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy :
The Pleasure I shall live in, and the Freedom,
Without the Squint-eye of the Law upon me,
Or prating Liberty of Tongues, that envy !

Altea. You are a made Woman.

Marg. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of Husband,
One read in Knavery, and brought up in the Art
Of Villany conceal'd.

Altea. My Life, an Innocent.

Marg. That's it I aim at ;
That's it I hope too : Then I am sure I rule him.
For Innocents are like obedient Children,
Brought up under a hard Mother-in-Law, a Cruel ;
Who being not us'd to Breakfasts and Collations,
When they have coarse Bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a Favour too. Are the Rooms
Made ready to entertain my Friends? I long to dance
now,

And

And to be wanton : Let me have a Song. Is the great
Couch up,

The Duke of *Medina* sent?

Altea. 'Tis up, and ready.

Marg. And Day-Beds in all Chambers?

Altea. In all, Lady :

Your House is nothing now but various Pleasures,
The Gallants begin to gaze too.

Marg. Let 'em gaze on ;

I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy ;
And Company is my Delight ; and Courtship,
And handsome Servants at my Will. Where's my good
Husband?

Where does he wait?

Altea. He knows his Distance, Madam :

I warrant ye, he is busy in the Cellar
Amongst his Fellow-Servants, or asleep,
Till your Command awake him.

Enter Leon.

Marg. 'Tis well, *Altea* :

It should be so : My Word, I must preserve him.
Who sent for him? How dare he come uncall'd for?
His Bonnet on too!

Altea. Sure, he sees you not.

Marg. How scornful he looks!

Leon. Are all the Chambers

Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my Lady's Pleasure?

New Hangings every Hour for Entertainment!

And new Plate bought! new Jewels to give Lustre!

Ser. They are; and yet there must be more and
richer :

It is her Will.

Leon. Hum! Is it so? 'Tis excellent!

It is her Will too, to have Feasts and Banquets,
Revels and Masques?

Ser.

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly :
 And we shall have the bravest House kept now, Sir !
 I must not call ye Master ; she has warn'd me ;
 Nor must not put my Hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no Fashion :
 What though I be her Husband, I am your Fellow :
 I may cut first.

Ser. That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

Leon. And when I lie with her.

Ser. May be, I'll light ye :
 On the same Point you may do me that Service.

Enter first Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the Duke *Medina*, with some
 Captains,
 Will come to Dinner, and have sent rare Wine,
 And their best Services.

Marg. They shall be welcome.
 See all be read, in the noblest Fashion,
 The House perfum'd. Now I shall take my Pleasure,
 And not my Neighbour Justice maunder at me.
 Go, get your best Clothes on : But till I call ye,
 Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the Gentlewomen,
 And behave your self cleanly, Sir : 'Tis for my Credit.

Enter second Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady *Fulia*.

Leon. That's a Baud ;
 A three-pil'd Baud ; Baud-Major to the Army.

2 Lady. Has brought her Coach to wait upon your
 Ladiship,
 And to be inform'd if you will take the Air this
 Morning.

Leon. The neat Air of her Nunnery.

Marg. Tell her, No : I'th' Afternoon I'll call on
 her.

2 Lady. I will, Madam,

[Exit.
Marg.

Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare your self?
May be you shall be Sewer to the Fire-Course :

A portly Presence ! *Altea*, he looks lean :

'Tis a wash Knave ; he will not keep his Flesh well.

Altea. A Willing, Madam ; one that needs no spur-
ring.

Leon. Faith, Madam, in my little Understanding,
You had better entertain your honest Neighbours,
Your Friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy Mention of your Bounty.

Marg. How now ! what's this ?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye :
Courtiers are but fickle Things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane Men, that will not last, Madam.
An Egg and Pepper will go farther than their Potions ;
And a well-built Body, a poor Parsnip,
Will play his Prize above their strong Potables.

Marg. The Fellow's mad.

Leon. He that shall counsel Ladies
That have both liquorish and ambitious Eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak Gospel.

Altea. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray be not angry :
My Indiscretion has made bold to tell you
What you'll find true.

Marg. Thou dar'est not talk !

Leon. Not much, Madam :
You have a Tie upon your Servant's Tongue ;
He dares not be so bold as Reason bids him :
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your Temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I am your Husband :
But what are Husbands ? Read the new World's Won-
ders,

Such Husbands as this monstrous World produces,
And you will scarce find such Deformities.
They are Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues ;
Sails to your Mills, that grind with all occasions ;
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your Stains ;

And Bills nail'd up with Horn before your Stories,
To rent out last.

Marg. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I have done, Madam:

An Ox once-spoke, as learned Men deliver.

Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak Wonders:

Till when, I tie my self to my Obedience. *[Exit.*

Marg. First I'll untie my self: Did you mark the
Gentleman,

How boldly, and how saucily he talk'd,

And how unlike the Lump I took him for?

The Piece of ignorant Dough! He stood up to me,

And mated my Commands. This was your Providence,

Your Wisdom, to elect this Gentleman!

Your excellent Forecast in the Man! your Knowledge!

What think ye now?

Altea. I think him an Afs still:

This Boldness some of your People have blown

Into him; this Wisdom too, with strong Wine;

'Tis a Tyrant, and a Philosopher also, and finds

Out Reasons.

Marg. I'll have my Cellar lock'd; no School kept
there,

Nor no Discovery. I'll turn my Drunkards,

Such as are understanding in their Draughts,

And dispute learnedly the Whys and Wherefores,

To grafs immediately. I'll keep all Fools,

Sober or drunk; still Fools, that shall know nothing.

Nothing belongs to Mankind but Obedience:

And such a hand I'll keep over this Husband.

Altea. He will fall again: My Life, he cries by this
time.

Keep him from Drink: He has a high Constitution.

Enter

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new Suit, Madam?

Marg. No, your old Clothes;

And get you into the Country presently,
And see my Hawks well train'd: You shall have Vic-
tuals,

Such as are fit for saucy Palates, Sir,
And Lodgings with the Hinds: It is too good too.

Altea. Good Madam, be not so rough with Repen-
tance;

You see now he is come round again.

Marg. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, Madam, if it shall please your
Ladiship.

Altea. He's humbled;

Forgive, good Lady.

Marg. Well, go get you handsome;

And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no Feeling?

I'll pinch ye to the Bones then, my proud Lady.

[Exit.

Marg. See you preserve him thus upon my Favour;
You know his Temper: Tie him to the Grindstone.

The next Rebellion, I'll be rid of him:

I'll have no needy Rascals, I, to tie me;

Dispute my Life! Come in, and see all handsome.

Altea. I hope to see you so too: I have wrought
ill else.

[Exeunt.

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I never return to my own House again?

We are lodg'd here in the miserablest Dog-Hole:

A Conjurer's Circle gives Content above it;

A Hawk's Mew is a Princely Palace to it.

We have a Bed no bigger than a Basket;

And there we lie like Butter clapp'd together,

D

And

And sweat our selves to Sauce immediately :
 The Fumes are infinite, inhabit here too ;
 And to that so thick, they cut like Marinalet ;
 So various too, they'll pose a Goldfinder.
 Never return to mine own Paradise !

Why, Wife: I say, why, *Estifania*.

Estifania within.] I am going presently.

Per. Make haste, good Jewel :

I am like the People that live in the sweet Islands ;
 I die, I die, if I stay but one Day more here.
 My Lungs are rotten with the Damps that rise,
 And I cough nothing now but Stinks of all sorts.
 The Inhabitants we have are two starv'd Rats ;
 For they are not able to maintain a Cat here ;
 And those appear as fearful as two Devils :
 They have eat a Map of the whole World up already ;
 And if we stay a Night we are gone for Company.
 There's an old Woman, that's now grown to Marble,
 Dry'd in this Brick-Kiln ; and she sets i'th' Chimney,
 Which is but three Tiles rais'd like a House of Cards,
 The true Proportion of an old smok'd Sybil.
 There is a young Thing too, that Nature meant
 For a Maid-servant ; but 'tis now a Monster :
 She has a Husk about her like a Chesnut,
 With Business, and living under the Line here :
 And these two make a hollow Sound together
 Like Frogs, or Winds between two Doors that murmur.

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. Oh ! are you come, Wife ?
 Shall we be free again ?

Estif. I am now going ;

And you shall presently to your own House, Sir :
 The Remembrance of this small Vexation
 Will be argument of Mirth for ever.
 By that time you have said your Orisons,
 And broke your Fast, I shall be back, and ready
 To usher you to your old Content, your Freedom.

Have a Wife:

39

Per. Break my Neck rather. Is there any thing here to eat.

But one another, like a Race of Cannibals?
A piece of butter'd Wall, you think, is excellent.
Let's have our House again immediately:
And pray ye take heed unto the Furniture,
None be imbezzl'd.

Estif. Not a Pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both:

There's Reason in all Courtesies. They must both:
For by this time, I know, she has acquainted him;
And has provided too: She sent me Word, Sir;
And will give over-gratefully unto you.

Per. I'll walk i'th' Church-Yard:

The Dead cannot offend more than these Living.
An Hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Per. And, do you hear, let's have a handsome Dinner;

And see all Things be decent as they have been.
And let me have a strong Bath to restore me:
I stink like a stall-fish Shambles, or an Oil-Shop.

Estif. You shall have all; which some interpret nothing.

I'll send ye People for the Trunks afore-hand,
And for the Stuff.

Per. Let 'em be known, and honest:
And do my Service to your Niece.

Estif. I shall, Sir.

But if I come not at my Hour, come thither,
That they may give you Thanks for your fair Courtesy:
And pray ye be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Juan de Castro, Sanchio, and Caca'ogo.

Sanc. Thou art very brave.

Caca. I have Reason; I have Money.

Sanc. Is Money Reason?

Caca. Yes; and Rhime too, Captain:
If ye have no Money, ye're an Ass.

Sanc. I thank ye.

Caca. Ye have Manners: Ever thank him that has Money.

Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?

Caca. Not a Farthing, Captain:
Captains are casual Things.

Sanc. Why, so are all Men: Thou shalt have my Bond.

Caca. Nor Bonds, nor Fetters, Captain:
My Money is mine; I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Caca. Put it to pious Uses:
Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those Hospitals?

Caca. I first provide to fill my Hospitals.
With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: Those are more bound to pray for me.

Besides, I keep th'Inheritance in my Name still.

Juan. A provident Charity! Are you for the Wars, Sir?

Caca. I am not poor enough to be a Soldier,
Nor have I Faith enough to ward a Bullet:
This is no Lining for a Trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Caca. Had you but my Money,
You would swear it, Colonel, I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand Crowns, and with more Honour,
Than exercise ten thousand Fools with nothing.
A wife Man safely feeds: Fools cut their Fingers.

Sanc. A right State Usurer: Why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend Justice?

Caca. Is't not nobler to command a reverend Justice,
than to be one?
And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,

When

When every courteous Fool that owes me Money,
Owes me his Wife too, to appease my Fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to Dinner with us?

Caca. I will go and view the Pearl of Spain, the
Orient

Fair One, the rich One too; and I will be respected:
I bear my Patent here. I will talk to her;
And when your Captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your Noses, I will pick the Purse
Of her Affection.

Juan. The Duke dines there to day too, the Duke
of Medina.

Caca. Let the King dine there:
He owes me Money, and so far's my Creature;
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Cap-
tain?

Sanc. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Caca. Like a true-born Spaniard:
Eat as I were in England, where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the Intellectuals of the Ladies.
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Caca. You must pawn a Horse-Troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

Sanc. Come, let's go:
This Rascal will make rare Sport: How the Ladies
Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him, I'll make his Purse sweat too.

Caca. Will ye lead, Gentlemen? [Exeunt.]

Enter Perez, an Old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand
ye;
And tune your Pipe a little higher, Lady.
I'll hold you fast; rub. How came my Trunks open,
And my Goods gone? What Picklock Spirit?

Old Wom. Ha! what would you have?

Per. My Goods again. How came my Trunks all open?

Old Wom. Are your Trunks open?

Per. Yes, and Clothes gone,
And Chains and Jewels. How she smells like Hung-
Beef!

The Palsey, and Picklock! Fie, how she belches!

The Spirit of Garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman?

The young fair Woman?

Per. What's that to my Question?

She is my Wife, and gone about my Business.

Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir?

Per. Yes, Sir: Is that Wonder?

Is the Name of Wife unknown here.

Old Wom. Is she truly, truly your Wife?

Per. I think so; for I married her:

It was no Vision, sure.

Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has: But who has all my Goods,
Spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
You are a wretched Man: She has twenty Husbands:

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The Devil she has! I had a fair House with her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old Wom. You are cozen'd too; 'tis none of hers,
good Gentleman.

Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, she was her Servant,
And kept the House; but going from her, Sir,
For some leud Tricks she play'd.

Per. Plague o' the Devil!

Am I, i'th' full Meridian of my Wisdom,
Cheated by a stale Quean! What kind of Lady
Is that that owns the House?

Old Wom. A young sweet Lady.

Per. Of a low Stature?

Old Wom. She is indeed but little; but she is wondrous fair.

Per. I feel I am cozen'd:
Now I am sensible I am undone:
This is the very Woman, sure, that Cousin
She told me would entreat me but for four Days,
To make the House hers. I am entreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this Morning, that I saw,
Sir,
She had two Women at the Door attending,
And there she gave 'em Things, and loaded 'em:
But what they were ——— I heard your Trunks to
open;
If they be yours.

Per. They were mine while they were laden;
But now they have cast their Calves, they are not worth
owning.

Was she her Mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own Mistress, her very Mistress, Sir,
and all you saw
About and in that House was hers.

Per. No Plate, no Jewel, nor no Hangings?

Maid. Not a Farthing; She is poor, Sir! a poor
shifting thing.

Per. No Money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor; as poor as we are;
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it:
But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her;
She may go bare, good Gendewoman.

Per. I am mad now!
I think I am as poor as she; I am wild else!
One civil Suit I have left too, and that's all;
And if she steal that, she must stay me for it.
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon:
Alas! a thousand conceal'd Corners, Sir, she lurks in:
And here she gets a Fleece, and there another;
And lives in Mists and Smokes, where none can find
her.

Per.

Per. Is she a Whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, Gentleman: I dare not say she is so, Sir, because

She is yours, Sir. These five Years she has fir'd
A pretty Living,
Until she came to serve. I fear he will knock my
Brains out for lying.

Per. She has serv'd me faithfully!

A Whore and Thief! Two excellent moral Learnings
In one She-Saint! I hope to see her Legend.
Have I been fear'd for my Discoveries,
And courted by all Women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the Art of this Sex,
And read the Warnings to young Gentlemen?
Have I profess'd to tame the Pride of Ladies,
And make 'em bear all Tests? And am I trick'd now!
Caught in mine own Noose! Here's a Rial left yet,
There's for your Lodging and your Meat for this Week.
A Silk-Worm lives at a more plentiful Ordinary,
'And sleeps in a sweeter Box: Farewell, Great-Grand-
mother.

If I do find you were an Accessary,
'Tis but the cutting off two smoky Minutes;
I'll hang ye presently.

Old Wom. And I deserve it: I tell but Truth.

Per. Not I: I am an Ass, Mother. [Exeunt.]

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly House!

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, Sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly! I like that Preparation:
It stirs the Blood unto a hopeful Banquet,
And intimates the Mistress free and jovial.
I love a House where Pleasure prepares Welcome.

Duke. Now, *Cacafogo*, how like you this Mansion?
'Twere a brave Pawn.

Caca.

Caca. I shall be Master of it :

'Twas built for my Bulk. The Rooms are wide and spacious,

Airy and full of Ease; and that I love well.

I'll tell you when I taste the Wine, my Lord,

And take the Height of her Table with my Stomach,

How my Affections stand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and Servants.

Marg. All Welcome to your Grace, and to these Soldiers :

You honour my poor House with your fair Presence :

Those few slight Pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,

I do beseech your Grace command : They are yours ;

Your Servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye Lady : I am bold to visit ye,

Once more to bless mine Eyes with your sweet Beauty.

'Twas been a long Night since you left the Court ;

For till I saw you now, no Day broke to me.

Marg. Bring in the Duke's Meat.

Sanch. She is most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair, as e'er I look'd upon !

I had rather command her than my Regiment.

Caca. I'll have a Fling : 'Tis but a thousand Duckets,

Which I can cozen up again in ten Days,

And some few Jewels to justify my Knavery.

Say, I should marry her ? She'll get more Money

Than all my Usury, put my Knavery to it :

She appears the most infallible way of Purchase :

I could wish her a Size or two stronger for the En-

counter ;

For I am like a Lion where I lay hold :

But these Lambs will endure a plaguy Load,

And never bleat neither : That, Sir, Time has taught-

us,

I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her ;

The errant 'st shame-fac'd Ass ! I broil away too.

Enter

Enter Leon.

Marg. Why, where's this Dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam:

Nor shall not be until I know the Guests too;

Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes*? He looks another thing:
Are Miracles afoot again?

Marg. Why, Sirrah! Why, Sirrah, you!

Leon. I hear you, faucy Woman;
And as you are my Wife, command your Absence,
And know your Duty: 'Tis the Crown of Modesty.

Duke. Your Wife!

Leon. Yes, good my Lord, I am her Husband:
And pray take notice that I claim that Honour,
And will maintain it.

Gaca. If thou be'st her Husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my Cuckold:
I'll be thy faithful Friend.

Leon. Peace, Dirt and Dunghil!
I will not lose my Anger on a Rascal:
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up Body
Till thou rebound'st again like a Tennis-Ball.

Alonz. This is miraculous.

Santh. Is this the Fellow
That had the Patience to become a Fool!
A flirted Fool! and on a sudden break,
As if he would shew a Wonder to the World,
Both in Bravery and Fortune too!
I much admire the Man! I am astonish'd.

Marg. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not,
You shall not have so much Will to be wicked:
I am more tender of your Honour, Lady,
And of your Age; you took me for a Shadow,
You took me to gloss over your Discredit,
To be your Fool, you thought you'd found a Coxcomb;
I'm innocent of any foul Dishonour I mean to ye,

Only

Only I will be known to be your Lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Marg. I do command you from me, thou poor
Fellow,
Thou cozen'd Fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool, 'tis not so,
I will not be commanded, I'm above ye;
You may divorce me from your Favour, Lady,
But from your State you never shall, I'll hold that,
And then maintain your Wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Marg. Am I brav'd thus in my own House?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,
You are deceiv'd, I am Lord of it, I rule it and all
that's in't:

You have nothing to do here, Madam,
But as a Servant to sweep clean the Lodgings,
And at my farther Will to do me service,
And so I'll keep it.

Marg. As you love me, give way.

Leon. It shall be better,
I will give none, Madam,
I stand upon the ground of mine own Honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now
To be an understanding feeling Man,
And sensible of what a Woman aims at,
A young proud Woman that has Will to sail with,
An itching Woman, that her Blood provokes too:
I cast my Cloud off, and appear my self,
The Master of this little piece of Mischief;
And I will put a Spell about your Feet, Lady,
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed at,
For the meer Sign of Man, the walking Image?
He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir,
In his own House, and it becomes me well too,
I think your Grace would grieve if you were put to't
To have a Wife or Servant of your own,

(For

(For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants)
Under your own Roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave,
A strange Conversion, thou shalt lead in chief now.

Duke. Is there no Difference betwixt her and you,
Sir?

Leon. Not now, my Lord, my Fortune makes me
even,

And as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Marg. Get me my Coach:

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach too,
And eat your Coach, (which will be hard Diet)
That executes your Will, or takes your Coach, Lady;
I give you liberty, and take your People
Which I turn off, and take your Will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a Lady
In a high huffing Strain, and think to bear it,
We stand not by as Bawds to your brave Fury,
To see a Lady weep.

Leon. They are Tears of
Anger, beseech ye note 'em, not worth Pity,
Wrung from her Rage, because her Will prevails not,
She would swoon now, if she could not cry,
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too,
But falling thus they shew nor sweet nor orient.
Put up, my Lord, this is Oppression,
And calls the Sword of Justice to relieve me,
The Law to lend her hand, the King to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me:
In mine own House to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I spare your Grace,
And do not make this Place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for such a rude Behaviour.
I have a Cause will kill a thousand of ye.
Mercy forsake me.

Juan.

Have a Wife.

249

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech you,
The Gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the Husband's
Freedom,

The Husband's Curse stick to him, a ram'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No Conscience to reclaim her from a Monster ;
Let her lie by him like a flattering Ruin,
And at one instant kill both Name and Honour ;
Let him be lost, no Eye to weep his End,
Nor find no Earth that's base enough to bury him.
Now, Sir, fall on, I'm ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray, Sir, use your
Wife well.

Leon. Mine own Humanity will teach me that, Sir:
And now ye are all welcome, all, and we'll to Dinner,
This is my Wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your Joy yet.

Juan. I've seen a Miracle, hold thine own, Soldier,
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer Women.

Sancho. He's beaten all my loose Thoughts out of me,
As if he had thresh'd 'em out o'th' Husk.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the Lady of the House ?

Leon. That's she, Sir, that pretty Lady,
If you would speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael, Leon, another Darer comes.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of Business,
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.

Is this the Woman ? Good Madam, tell me truly,
Had you a Woman call'd *Estifania* ?

Marg. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a Maid d'ye think ?

Marg. I dare not swear for her,
For she had but a scant Fame.

Per. Was she your Kinswoman ?

E

Marg.

Marg. Not that I ever knew, now I look better,
I think you married her, I give you Joy, Sir,
You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Give me a Halter: Is not this House mine,
Madam?

Was not she Owner of it? pray speak truly.

Marg. No certainly, I'm sure my Mony paid for't,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too?

Marg. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you see about the Building;
She only kept my House when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Sanch. What a Devil ails he?

Juan. He's posselt I'll assure you.

Per. Where is your Maid?

Marg. Do not you know that you have her?
She is yours now, why should I look after her?
Since the first Hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, would the Devil had had her,
It is all true I find, a Wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy Wife with child, Don *Michael*, thy
excellent Wife?

Art thou a Man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?

Sanch. And eat

Some rare Fruit? thou hast admirable Orchards;
You are so jealous now, Pox o' your Jealousy,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Prithee leave fooling,
I'm in no Humour now to fool and prattle,
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Marg. Yes many times, so often that I was asham'd
to keep her,
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she would mend still,
And had not you o'th' instant married her,
I had put her off.

Per.

Have a Wife.

51

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still,
Which way soe'er I turn I am a made man,
Miserably gull'd beyond Recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, Captain,
Hark in thy Ear, I am the errant'st Puppy,
The miserablest Ass, but I must leave ye,
I am in haste, in haste, blest you, good Madam,
And you prove as good as my Wife. [Exit.

Leon. Will you come near, Sir, will your Grace but
honour me,
And taste our Dinner? you are nobly welcome,
All Anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

Juan. Thou art the Stock of Men, and I admire
thee. [Exeunt.



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ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

Per.  'LL go to a Conjurer but I'll find this
Polcat,
This pilfering Whore: a Plague of Vails,
I cry,
And Covers for the Impudence of Women;
Their Sanctity in show will deceive Devils,
It is my evil Angel, let me bless me.

Enter Estifania with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I am caught, I must stand to't stoutly,
And shew no shake of Fear, I see he's angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy Wife,
I have been looking of your Modesty,
All the Town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
I am glad I have found you, for in truth I am weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I have been in Bawdy-Houses.

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. Pray you pardon me,
To seek your Ladiship I have been in Cellars,
In private Cellars, where the thirsty Bawds
Hear your Confessions; I have been at Plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful Actors;
At Puppet-shews, you're Mistress of the Motions;
At Gossippings I hearken'd after you;

But

But amongst those Confusions of lewd Tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel.
I was amongst the Nuns because you sing well,
But they say yours are bawdy Songs, they mourn for you;
And last I went to Church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since you were there they have forgot you.

Estif. You've had a pretty Progress, I'll tell mine
now:

To look you out I went to twenty Taverns.

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir;
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of them Soldiers,
There I'd great hope to find you disguis'd too.
From thence to th' dicing house, there I found
Quarrels needles and senseless, Swords and Pots, and
Candlesticks,

Tables, and Stools, and all in one Confusion,
And no man knew his Friend. I left this Chaos,
And to the Surgeon went, he will'd me stay,
For says he learnedly, if he be tipp'd,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too.
I sought you where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Among Diseases, base and vile, vile Women;
For I remember your old *Roman* Axiom,
The more the Danger, still the more the Honour:
Last, to your Confessor I came, who told me
You were too proud to pray, and here I've found you.

Per. She bears up bravely and the Rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.
Here leave me off our wanton Languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper Tongue.

Estif. Why am I cozen'd?

Why am I abus'd?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable —

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, overstow'd, poor, pocky —

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you eccho me?

Estif. Yes, Sir, and go before ye,
And round about ye, why do ye rail at me?
For that was your own Sin, your own Knavery.

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You had best now draw your Sword, Captain,
Draw it upon a Woman, do, brave Captain,
Upon your Wife, O most renowned Captain.

Per. A Plague upon thee, answer me directly;
Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my Husband;
I had thought you had had infinite, but I am cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me
Wonders,
A House and Riches, when they are but Shadows,
Shadows to me?

Estif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)
With your strong Soldier's Wit, and swore you'd bring
me

So much in Chains, so much in Jewels, Husband,
So much in right rich Clothes?

Per. Thou hast them, Rascal,
I gave them to thy Hands, my Trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my Treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your Treasure, sell it to a Tinker,
To mend old Kettles, is this noble Usage?
Let all the World view here the Captain's Treasure,
A man would think now these were worthy Matters;
Here's a shooing-horn Chain gilt over, how it scenteth!
Worse than the moldy dirty Heel it serv'd for;
And here's another of a lesser Value,
So little I would shame to tie my Dog in't:
These are my Jointure, blush and save a Labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A Fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty?

Estif. Here's a goodly Jewel,
Did not you win this at *Gouletta*, Captain,
Or take it in the Field from some brave Bassa?
How it sparkles like an old Lady's Eyes,

And

And fills each Room with Light like a close Lanthorn!
This would do rarely in an Abby Window,
To cozen Pilgrims.

Per. Prithee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a Chain of Whittings Eyes for
Pearls,

A Muscle-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay prithee, Wife, my Clothes, my Clothes.

Estif. I'll tell ye,

Your Clothes are parallel to these, all counterfeit.

Put these and them on, you're a Man of Copper,
A kind of Candiestick; these you thought, my Husband,
To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no House then, nor no Grounds about
it?

No Plate nor Hangings?

Estif. There are none, sweet Husband,
Shadow for Shadow is as equal Justice.

Can you rail now? pray put up your Fury, Sir,
And speak great Words, you are a Soldier, thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You've spoke well, Sir,
And now I see you are so conformable,
I'll heighten you again, go to your House,
They are packing to be gone, you must sup there,
I'll meet ye, and bring Clothes, and clean Shirts after,
And all things shall be well, I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring Copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me, tell me Truth, Wife,
However I forgive thee, art thou honest?
The Beldam swore.

Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir.
It was my Plot, alas, my credulous Husband,
The Lady told you too ———

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif.

Estif. Still 'twas my Way, and all to try your Suffe-
rance,

And she denied the House.

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no Title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried ;
No more, I'm right and strait.

Per. I would believe thee,
But Heaven knows how my Heart is, will you follow
me ?

Estif. I'll be there strait.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [Exit *Per.*

Estif. Go, silly Fool, thou mayst be a good Soldier
In open Field, but for our private Service
Thou art an Ass, I'll make thee so, or miss else.

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another Trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.
May I crave your leave, Sir ?

Caca. Prithee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave,
I'm in my Meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this Hour a most bruised thing,
That People had compassion on, it look'd so,
The next Sir *Palmerin*, here's fine Proportion,
An Ass, and then an Elephant, sweet Justice,
There's no way left to come at her now, no craving,
If Mony could come near, yet I would pay him ;
I have a mind to make him a huge Cuckold,
And Mony may do much, a thousand Duckets,
'Tis but the letting Blood of a rank Heir.

Estif. Pray you hear me.

Caca. I know thou hast some Wedding-Rings to
pawn now,
Of Silver gilt, with a blind Posie in't,
Love and a Mill-Horse should go round together ;
Or thy Child's Whistle, or thy Squirrel's Chain ;
I'll none of them, I would she did but know me,

Or

Or would this Fellow had but Use of Mony,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I'm gone, Sir,
And I shall tell the Beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady *Margarita*.

Caca. Stay I prithee,
What is thy Will? I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy Tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Estif. She would entreat you, Sir.

Caca. She shall command, Sir,
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet Gentlewoman,
Do not forget thy self.

Estif. She doth command then
This Courtesy, because she knows you're noble.

Caca. Your Mistress by the way?

Estif. My natural Mistress,
Upon these Jewels, Sir, they're fair and rich,
And view 'em right.

Caca. To doubt 'em is an Heresy.

Estif. A thousand Duckets, 'tis upon Necessity
Of present Use; her Husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Caca. Long may he be so.

Estif. She desires withal
A better Knowledge of your Parts and Person,
And when you please to do her so much Honour.

Caca. Come, let's dispatch.

Estif. In troth I've heard her say, Sir,
Of a fat Man she's never seen a sweeter.
But in this Business, Sir.

Caca. Let's do it first,
And then dispute, the Lady's Use may long for't.

Estif. All Secrecy she would desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Caca. We are not wise to talk thus:
Carry her the Gold, I'll look her out a Jewel,
Shall sparkle like her Eyes, and thee another;
Come, prithee come, I long to serve thy Lady,
Long monstrously; now, Valour, I shall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

Estif.

Estif. Green Goose, you are now in Sippets. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Duke, Sancho, Juan, Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his Will, I shall prevent him,

I have a Toy here that will turn the Tide,
And suddenly and strangely ; here, Don *Juan*,
Do you present it to him.

Juan. I'm commanded.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. A Fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his Maker,
Curb the free Hand that fram'd him ! This must not
be.

Sancho. That such an Oyster-shell should hold a Pearl,
And of so rare a Price, in Prison !
Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,
To let a slovenly unweildy Fellow,
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her Beauties ?
We suffer all, Sir, in this sad Eclipse,
She should shine where she might shew like herself,
An absolute Sweetness, to comfort those that admire her,
And shed her Beams upon her Friends.
We are gull'd all,
And all the World will grumble at your Patience,
If she be ravish'd thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, *Sancho*,
We'll have her free again, and move at Court
In her clear Orb : but one sweet Handsomness,
To bless this part of *Spain*, and have that slubber'd !

Alon. 'Tis every good Man's Cause, and we must
stir in't.

Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too, we shall hear anon
A new Song from him, let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Leon, and Juan with a Commission.

Leon. Colonel, I'm bound to you for this Nobleness,
I should have been your Officer 'tis true, Sir,
And a proud Man I should have been t'have serv'd you,
It has pleas'd the King out of his boundless Favours,
To make me your Companion, this Commission
Gives me a Troop of Horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
I am a glad man we shall gain your Company;
I'm sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that Respect gives you more time, Sir.

Leon. Within four Days I'm gone, so he commands
me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The time grows shorter still, are your Goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir.

Leon. Do ye hear, ho, go carry this unto your Mistress,
trefs, Sir,
And let her see how much the King has honour'd me,
Bid her be lusty, she must make a Soldier. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sir.

Leon. Go take down all the Hangings,
And pack up all my Clothes, my Plate and Jewels,
And all the Furniture that's portable :
Sir, when we lie in Garison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsom Port for the King's Honour ;
And do you hear, let all your Lady's Wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in Trunks, they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, Sir?

Leon.

Leon. To the Wars, *Lorenzo*,
And you and all, I will not leave a Turnspit,
That has one Dram of Spleen against a *Dutchman*.

Lor. Why then, *St. Jacques*, hey, you have made
us all, Sir,

And if we leave ye ——— does my Lady go too?

Leon. The Stuff must go to-morrow towards the
Sea, Sir,

All, all must go.

Lor. Why *Pedro*, *Vasco*, *Dago*,
Come help me, come, come, Boys, Soldadoes, Com-
rades,

We'll flay these Beer-bellied Rogues, come away
quickly. [Exit.

Juan. He's taken a brave way to save his Honour,
And cros the Duke, now I shall love him dearly,
By the Life of Credit thou'rt a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why, how now, Wife? what, sick at my
Preferment?

This is not kindly done.

Marg. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, Sir, brought to consider
The Goodness of your Mind and mine own Duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye?

This is a Cruelty, I'll to the King,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two Souls,
Two Minds so nearly mixt.

Leon. By no means, Sweetheart.

Marg. If he were married but four Days as I am —

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his Country.

Marg. He'd make it Treason for that Tongue that
durst

But talk of War, or any thing to vex him:
You shall not go.

Leon.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet Wife.
What shall I lose the King for a few Kisses?
We'll have enough.

Marg. I'll to the Duke my Cousin, he shall to th'
King.

Leon. He did me this great Office,
I thank his Grace for't; should I pray him now
T'undo't again? fie, 'twere a base Discredit.

Marg. Would I were able, Sir, to bear you company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. [*knocks within.*]

Marg. What knocking's this? oh Heav'n, my Head!
Why Rascals,

I think the War's begun i'th' House already.

Leon. The Preparation is, they're taking down,
And packing up the Hangings, Plate and Jewels,
And all those Furnitures that shall besit me,
When I lie in Garison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. Must the Coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady pass to th' Sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Marg. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main Care of ye,
I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier,
And all Accommodation shall attend ye.

Marg. Would I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye, Sweet? Are her Clothes packt up,
And all her Linen? give your Maids direction,
You know my Time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Marg. Let me have a Nurse,
And all such necessary People with me,
And an easy Bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.

Marg. I am with child, Sir.

Leon. At four Days warning? this is something speedy,
Do you conceive as our Jennets do with a West-Wind?
My Heir will be an errant fleet one, Lady,
I'll swear you were a Maid when I first lay with ye.

Marg. Pray do not swear, I thought I was a Maid
too,

But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

Leon. In such a strait point sure I could not err,
Madam.

Juan. This is another Tenderneſs to try him,
Fetch her up now.

Marg. You muſt provide a Cradle, and what a Trou-
ble's that.

Leon. The Sea ſhall rock it,
'Tis the beſt Nurſe; 'twill roar and rock together,
A ſwinging Storm will ſing you ſuch a Lullaby.

Marg. Faith, let me ſtay, I ſhall but ſhame you, Sir.

Leon. And were you a thouſand Shames you ſhall
along with me,

At home I'm ſure you'll prove a Million;
Every Man carries the Bundle of his Sins
Upon his Back, you are mine, I'll ſwear for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, Sancho.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble Journey?
'Tis well, and full of Care.

I ſaw your Mind was wedded to the War,
And knew you'd prove ſome good Man for your
Country;

Therefore, fair Couſin, with your gentle Pardon,
I got this Place: What, mourn at his Advancement?
You are to blame, he'll come again, ſweet Couſin;
Mean time like ſad *Penelope* and ſage,
Amongſt your Maids at home, and buſwifely —

Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that Solita-
rineſs,

She's

Have a Wife.

63

She's young, and Grief or ill News from those Quarters
May daily cross her, she shall go along, Sir.

Duke. By no means, Captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender-bodied Lady,
And expose her to those Dangers, and those Tumults!
A sickly Lady too!

Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir.
There's no such Friend to Health as wholesome Travel.

Santh. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, Sir:

Go hurry her! it is not human, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her Tears; fright her with
Tempests,

With Thunder of the War!

I dare swear if she were able ———

Leon. She is most able:

And pray ye swear not, she must go, there is no
Remedy;

Nor Greatness, nor the Trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,
(And I must tell you, Sir, 'tis most ignoble)
Shall hinder me: had she but ten Hours Life,
Nay less, but two Hours, I would have her with me;
I would not leave her Fame to so much Ruin,
To such a Desolation, and Discredit,
As her Weakness and your hot Will would work her to.

Enter Perez.

What Masque is this now?

More Troops and Figures to abuse my Sufferance!

What Cousin's this?

Juan. Michael van owle, how dost thou?

In what dark Barn, or Tod of aged Ivy

Hast thou lain hid?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, Colonel,
And People must conceal, and shine again.

You're welcome hither, as your Friend may say, Gentlemen,

A pretty House ye see handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient Walks, the Waters chrystal.

Alon. He's certainly mad.

Fuan. As mad as a *French* Taylor,
That has nothing in his Head but Ends of Fustians.

Per. I see you're packing now, my gentle Cousin,
And my Wife told me I should find it so ;
'Tis true I do, you were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your Will to try my Patience, Madam,
I'm sorry that my swift Occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer ;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd Cousin,
This House and all I have are all your Servants.

Leon. What House, what Pleasure, Sir ? what do
you mean ?

Per. You hold the Jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous ;

This House I mean, the Pleasures of this Place.

Leon. And what of them ?

Per. They're mine, Sir, and you know it,
My Wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me ;
The Hangings, Sir, I must entreat ; your Servants,
That are so busy in their Offices,
Again to minister to their right Uses ;
I shall take view o'th' Plate anon, and Furnitures,
That are of under Place : you're merry still, Cousin,
And of a pleasant Constitution ;
Men of great Fortunes make their Mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Prithee, good stubborn Wife, tell me directly,
Good evil Wife, leave fooling and tell me honestly,
Is this my Kinsman ?

Marg. I can tell you nothing.

Leon. I've many Kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so fantastick ——— All the House ?

Per. All mine,
And all within't ; I will not bate ye an Ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble Courtesy,

And

And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, Cuz,
But you must ride o'th' Top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently, I could have done, Sir.

Leon. For we must law and claw before we get it.

Juan. Away, no Quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd if you were never in Bedlam,
Never in love, for that's a Lunacy,
No great Estate left ye, that you ne'er look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank Distemper,
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield.

Per. He's half persuaded me I was bred i'th' Moon :
I've never a Bush at my Breech ; are not we both mad ?
And is not this a fantastick House we are in ?
And all a Dream we do ? Will you walk out, Sir,
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound Belief as Sense can give thee,
Brick me into that Wall there for a Chimney-piece,
And say I was one o'th' *Cæsars* done by a Seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come we'll away immediately.

Marg. Why then the House is his, and all that's in't ;
I'll give away my Skin but I'll undo ye ;
I gave it to his Wife, you must restore, Sir,
And make a new Provision.

Per. Am I mad now,
Or am I christen'd, you my Pagan Cousin ?
My mighty mahound Kinsman, what Quirk now ?
You shall be welcome all, I hope to see, Sir,
Your Grace here and my Cuz, we are all Soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this ? then I must tell you,
Sir,

Ye've no Command, now ye may go at pleasure,
And ride your As's Troop ; 'twas a Trick I us'd
To try your Jealousy upon Entreaty,
And saving of your Wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my Gall, nor alters my Affections;
You have more Furniture, more Houses, Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;
And you have Land i'th' *Indies* as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view a while those Climates,
Visit your Factors there, that may betray ye:
'Tis done, we must go.

Marg. Now thou'rt a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred Light I love thee dearly.
The House is none of yours, I did but jest, Sir,
Nor you're no Cuz of mine, I beseech ye vanish;
I tell you plain you've no more right than he has,
That senseless thing, your Wife, has once more fool'd
ye:

Go ye, and consider.

Leon. Good morrow, my sweet Cousin, I should be
glad, Sir.

Per. By this Hand she dies for't,
Or any Man that speaks for her.

[Exit.

Juan. These are fine Toyes.

Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor Month,
You shall have a Commission and I'll go too,
Give me but Will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye,
Good morrow to your Grace, we have private Business.

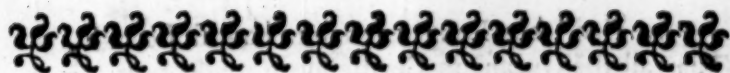
Duke. If I miss thee again, I'm an errant Bungler.

Juan. Thou shalt have my Command, and I'll
march under thee,
Nay be thy Boy before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a Fellow.

Alon. I have seen Visions.

[Exeunt.





ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leon with a Letter, and Margarita.

Leon.



Come hither, Wife, do you know this Hand?

Marg. I do, Sir,

'Tis *Estifania*, that was once my Woman.

Leon. She writes to me here that one *Cacafago*,
An usuring Jeweller's Son (I know the Rascal)
Is mortally fallen in love with ye.

Marg. Is a Monster; deliver me from Mountains.

Leon. Do you go a birding for all Sorts of People?
And this Evening will come to ye, and shew ye Jewels,
And offers any thing to get access to ye;
If I can make or Sport or Profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,
And so I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my Will.

Marg. I shall not fail, Sir.

Leon. Will the Duke come again d'ye think?

Marg. No sure, Sir,
He has now no Policy to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my Wit hold fair,
Wife:

Let's in to Dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Perez.

Per. Had I but Lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
 That all the Queens in Christendom might hear me,
 That Men might run away from the Contagion,
 I had my Wish : Would it were most high Treason,
 Most infinite high, for any Man to marry,
 I mean for any Man that would live handsomly,
 And like a Gentleman, in his Wits and Credit.
 What Torments shall I put her to ? *Phalaris's Bull*
 now ?

Pox, they love bulling too well, tho they smoke for't.
 Cut her in pieces ? Every piece will live still,
 And every Morsel of her will do Mischief ;
 They have so many Lives, there's no hanging of 'em ;
 They are too light to drown, they are Cork and Fea-
 thers ;

To burn, too cold, they live like Salamanders ;
 Under huge Heaps of Stones to bury her,
 And so depress her as they did the Giants,
 She will move under more than built old *Babel* :
 I must destroy her.

Enter Cacafoغو with a Casket.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of Clouts, a she Morth,
 That every Silkman's Shop breeds ! to be cheated,
 And of a thousand Duckets, by a Whim-wham !

Per. Who's that is cheated ? speak again, thou
 Vision ;

But art thou cheated ? minister some Comfort :
 Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely ?
 Come, prithee come, art thou so pure a Coxcomb,
 To be undone ? do not dissemble with me,
 Tell me I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy Circle,
 For I'm a Spirit wild that flies about thee,

And

And whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha.

Caca. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Per. By whom, good Spirit? speak, speak, ha, ha, ha.

Caca. I will utter, laugh till thy Lungs crack, by a Rascal Woman,

A leud, abominable, and plain Woman.

Dost thou laugh still?

Per. I must laugh, prithee pardon me,
I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry, terribly angry, I have cause.

Per. That's it, and 'tis no Reason but thou shouldst be angry,

Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee.

By a Woman cheated? art sure it was a Woman?

Caca. I shall break thy Head, my Valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter; by a Woman cozen'd,
A real Woman?

Caca. A real Devil:

Plague of her Jewels and her copper Chains,

How rank they smell!

Per. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let me see 'em,
I have been cheated too, I'd have you note that,
And leudly cheated, by a Woman also,
A scurvy Woman; I'm undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Caca. Pray ye take it;

You are the merriest undone Man in Europe.

What need we Fiddles, bawdy Songs, and Sack,

When our own Miseries can make us merry?

Per. Ha, ha, ha.

I've seen these Jewels, what a notable Penniworth

Have you had next your Heart? you will not take,

Sir,

Some twenty Duckets?

Caca.

Caca. Thou art deceiv'd, I will take —

Per. To clear your Bargain now —

Caca. I'll take some ten, some any thing, some half
ten,

Half a Ducket.

Per. An excellent Lapidary set these Stones, sure,
Do you mark their Waters?

Caca. Quicksand choak their Waters,
And hers that brought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her ;
You cannot find in all this Kingdom

(If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
For such gross Natures will desire it often,

'Tis at some times too a fine Variety)

A Woman that can cozen ye so neatly :

She's taken half mine Anger off with this Trick. [*Ex.*]

Caca. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this Fellow ;

I've Money enough lies by me at a pinch,

To pay for twenty Rascals Lives that vex me :

I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*]

Enter Leon and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your Country-House,

And there we'll learn to live contentedly ;

This Place is full of Charge, and full of Hurry,

No part of Sweetness dwells about these Cities.

Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your Pleasure ;

Live in a hollow Tree, Sir, I live with ye.

Leon. I, now you strike a Harmony, a true one ;

When your Obedience waits upon your Husband,

And your sick Will aims at the Care of Honour,

Why now I doat upon ye, love ye dearly,

And my rough Nature falls like roaring Streams,

Clearly and sweetly into your Embraces.

O what a Jewel is a Woman excellent,

A wife, a virtuous, and a noble Woman !

When we meet such, we bear our Stamps on both

Sides,

And

And thro the World we hold our currant Vertues ;
 Alone we are single Medals, only Faces,
 And wear our Fortunes out in useleſs Shadows ;
 Command you now, and eaſe me of that Trouble,
 I'll be as humble to you as a Servant ;
 Bid whom you pleaſe, invite your noble Friends,
 They ſhall be welcome all ; viſit Acquaintance,
 Go at your pleaſure, now Experience
 Has linkt you taſt unto the Chain of Goodneſs.

[Clashing of Swords. A Cry within, down
 with their Swords.

What Noiſe is this, what diſmal Cry ?

Marg. 'Tis loud too :

Sure there's ſome Miſchief done i'th' Street, look out
 there.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O, Sir, the Duke of Medina —

Leon. What of the Duke of Medina ?

Serv. Oh ! ſweet Gentleman is almoſt ſlain.

Marg. Away, away, and help him, all the Houſe
 help.

Leon. How ſlain ? why, Margarita,

Why, Wife, ſure ſome new Device they have a-foot
 again,

Some Trick upon my Credit, I ſhall meet it :

I'd rather guide a Ship Imperial

Alone, and in a Storm, than rule one Woman.

Enter Duke, Sancho, Alonzo, Servant.

Marg. How came ye hurt, Sir ?

Duke. I fell out with my Friend the noble Colonel,
 My Cauſe was nought, for 'twas about your Honour ;

And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'er proſpers ;

And he has left me thus for Charity :

Lend me a Bed to eaſe my tortur'd Body,

That

That e're I perish I may shew my Penitence :
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help, Gentlemen, to carry him.
There shall be nothing in this House, my Lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Leon. To bed with him ; and, Wife, give your
Attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and Surgeons.

Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.

[*Ex. Duke, Sancho, Alon. Marg. Serv.*]

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True 'tis so, Sir,
And take you heed this last Blow do not spoil ye ;
He is not hurt, only we made a Scuffle,
As if we purpos'd Anger ; that same Scratch
On's Hand he took, to colour all and draw compassion,
That he might get into your House more cunningly.
I must not stay, stand now, and you're a brave Fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble Colonel, and I honour ye.

[*Ex. Juan.*]

Never be quiet ?

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's most desperate ill, Sir,
I do not think these ten Months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my House to play the Fool in ?
Or does it stand on fairy Ground ? we are haunted :
Are all Men and their Wives troubled with Dreams
thus ?

Marg. What ail you, Sir ?

Leon. What ail you, sweet Wife,
To put these daily Pastimes on my Patience ?

What

What dost thou see in me that I should suffer thus?
Have not I done my part like a true Husband,
And paid some desperate Debts you never look'd for?

Marg. You have done handsomely I must confess,
Sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a Hawk?
And watcht thee with Delights to satisfy thee,
The very Tithes of which had won a Widow?

Marg. Alas! I pity ye.

Leon. Thou wilt make me angry;
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Marg. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad;
If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lie here on your Cure, I shall be desperate;
I know the Trick, and you shall feel I know it,
Are ye so hot that no Hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in all the Veins about thee,
I'll have thy Thoughts found too, and have them
open'd,

Thy Spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye;
Thy Maid shall be thy Mistress, thou the Maid,
And all those servile Labours that she reach at,
And go thro' chearfully, or else sleep empty;
That Maid shall lie by me to teach you Dury,
You in a Pallar by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose.

Marg. I've lost my self, Sir,
And all that was my base self, Disobedience, [*Kneels*
My Wantonness, my Stubbornness I've lost too;
And now by that pure Faith good Wives are crown'd
with,

By your own Nobleness.

Enter Alcea.

Leon. I take ye up, and wear ye next my Heart,
See you be worth it: Now what with you?

G

Alcea.

Altea. I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fullsom Fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis *Catafago*, go and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Marg. I shall observe ye.

Leon. I have a rare Design upon that Gentleman,
And you must work too.

Altea. I shall, Sir, most willingly.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some
Place

From the Duke's Sight, and keep the Duke in too;
Make them believe both, I'll find time to cure 'em. *[Ex.]*

Enter Perez, and Estifania with a Pistol and a Dagger.

Per. Why, how durst thou meet me again, thou
Rebel,

And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou Rascal?
Were there not Ways enough to fly my Vengeance,
No Holes nor Vaults to hide thee from my Fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?

I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou comest to invite me,
And comest upon me;

How like a Sheep-biting Rogue taken i'th' Matter,
And ready for the Halter, dost thou look now?

Thou hast a hanging Look, thou scurvy thing; hast
ne'er a Knife,

Nor ever a String to lead thee to *Elysium*?

Be there no pitiful Apothecaries in this Town,
That have compassion upon wretched Women,
And dare administer a Dram of Rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've Mercy.

Per. If I had Tuns of Mercy thou deserv'st none;
What new Trick is now a-foot? what new Houses
Have you i'th' Air? what Orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy Life?

Estif.

Estif. Little or nothing :
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for Mercy ; pray let me draw my Book out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do a very little,
For I have farther Business than thy killing ;
I have Money yet to borrow, speak when you
Are ready.

Estif. Now, now, Sir, now, [Shews a Pistol.
Come on, d'ye start off from me ?
D'ye swear, great Captain, have you seen a Spirit ?

Per. Do you wear Guns ?

Estif. I am a Soldier's Wife, Sir,
And by that Privilege I may be arm'd :
Now what's the News ? and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our Affairs in peace.

Per. Let me see,
Prithee let me see thy Gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, you Villain, what thine own Husband ?

Estif. Let mine own Husband then
Be in's own Wits, there, there's a thousand Duckets,
Who must provide for you, and yet you'd kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand Millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your Jewels, I have
pawn'd 'em,
You see for what, we must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee ;
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the House now !

Estif. Come along with me,
If that be vanish'd there be more to hire, Sir.

Per. I see I am an Ass when thou art near me. [Ex.

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea with a Taper.

Leon. Is the Fellow come ?

Altea. Yes, and i'th' Cellar fast,
And there he stays his good Hour till I call him ;

He will make dainry Musick 'mong the Sackbuts :
I've put him juſt, Sir, under the Duke's Chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Altea. He's given me royally,
And to my Lady a whole Load of Portugeeze.

Leon. Better and better ſtill ; go, *Margarita*,
Now play your Prize, you ſay you dare be honeſt ;
I'll put ye to your beſt.

Marg. Secure your ſelf, Sir, give me the Candle,
Paſs away in ſilence. [*Exeunt Leon, Altea.*

[*Marg. knocks.*

Duke. Who's there ? Oh, oh !

Marg. My Lord.

Duke within. Have ye brought me Comfort ?

Marg. I have, my Lord ;
Come forth, 'tis I, come gently out, I'll help ye :

Enter Duke in a Gown.

Come ſoftly too, how do you ?

Duke. Are there none here ?

Let me look round, we cannot be too wary :

O ! let me bleſs this Hour, are you alone, ſweet Friend ?

Marg. Alone to comfort you. [*Cacaſogo makes a
Noiſe below.*

Duke. What's that you tumble ?
I've heard a Noiſe this half Hour under me,
A fearful Noiſe.

Marg. The fat thing's mad i'th' Cellar,
And ſtumbles from one Hogſhead to another ;
Two Cups more, and he ne'er ſhall find the Way out.
What do you fear ? come, ſit down by me chearfully ;
My Husband's ſafe : how do your Wounds ?

Duke. I've none, Lady,
My Wounds I counterfeited cunningly, [*Noiſe below.*
And feign'd the Quarrel too, to enjoy you, Sweet ;
Let's loſe no time : hark ! the ſame Noiſe again.

Marg. What Noiſe ? why look ye pale ? I hear no
ſtiring ;

This

This Goblin in the Vault will be so tipp'd !
You are not well, I know by your flying Fancy,
Your Body's ill at ease, your Wounds —

Duke. I have none, I'm as lusty, and as full of
Health,
High in my Blood.

Marg. Weak in your Blood you'd say :
How wretched is my Case, willing to please ye,
And find ye so disable !

Duke. Believe me, Lady.

Marg. I know you'll venture all to satisfy me,
Your Life I know ; but is it fit to spoil ye ?
Is it my Love d'ye think ?

Caca. below. Here's to the Duke.

Duke. It nam'd me certainly ;
I heard it plainly sound.

Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your Prayers, Sir, than Pleasure :
What Starts you make ? I would not kiss you wantonly
For the World's Wealth : Have I secur'd my Husband,
And put all Doubts aside, to be deluded ?

Caca. below. I come, I come.

Duke. Heaven blefs me.

Marg. And blefs us both, for sure this is the Devil ;
I plainly heard it now, he'll come to fetch ye,
A very Spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatcht me :
You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts ye ;
Would you were out o'th' House.

Duke. I would I were :
O' that Condition I had leapt a Window.

Marg. And that's the least Leap if you mean to 'scape
Sir :

Why, what a frantick man were you to come here ?
What a weak man to counterfeit deep Wounds,
To wound another deeper ?

Duke. Are you honest then ?

Marg. Yes, then, and now, and ever, and excellent
honest ;

And

And exercise this Pastime but to shew ye,
 Great Men are Fools sometimes as well as Wretches.
 Would you were well hurt, with any Hope of Life,
 Cut to the Brains, or run clean thro the Body,
 To get out quietly as you got in, Sir:
 I wish it like a Friend that loves you dearly;
 For if my Husband take ye, and take ye thus a Coun-
 terfeit,

One that would clip his Credit out of his Honour,
 He must kill ye presently:
 There is no Mercy, nor an Hour of Pity,
 And for me to entreat in such an Agony,
 Would shew me little better than one guilty.
 Have you any mind to a Lady now?

Duke. Would I were off, Fair,
 If ever Lady caught me in a Trap more.

Marg. If thou be well and lusty, fie, fie, shake not;
 You say you love me, come, come bravely now,
 Despise all Danger, I am ready for ye.

Duke. She mocks my Misery, thou cruel Lady.

Marg. Thou cruel Lord, would'st thou betray my
 Honesty,

Betray it in mine own House, wrong my Husband,
 Like a Night-Thief, thou dar'st not name by day-light?

Duke. I'm most miserable.

Marg. You are indeed;
 And like a foolish thing, you've made your self so;
 Could not your own Discretion tell you, Sir,
 When I was married I was none of yours?
 Your Eyes were then commanded to look off me,
 And I now stand in a Circle, and secure;
 Your Spells nor Pow'r can never reach my Body:
 Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most miserable;
 'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock;
 You rob two Temples, make your self twice guilty,
 You ruin hers, and spot her noble Husband's.

Duke. Let me be gone. I'll never more attempt ye.

Marg. You cannot go, 'tis not in me to save ye;
 Dare ye do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?

Have a Wife.

79

Were I the Duke Medina I would fight now,
For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you;
You do me double wrong if you sneak off, Sir,
And all the World will say I lov'd a Coward;
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your Youth, your Honour, and your 'State,
And all those dear Delights you worship'd here.

[Noise below.

Duke. The Noise again!

Caca. below. Some small Beer if you love me.

Marg. The Devil haunts you, sure, your Sins are
mighty;

A drunken Devil too, to plague your Villany.

Duke. Preserve me but this once.

Marg. There's a deep Well

In the next Yard, if you dare venture drowning,
It is but Death.

Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.

Marg. Out of a Garret Window I'll let you down,
But say the Rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too,

Duke. Have you no Mercy?

Marg. Now you're frighted throughly;
And find what 'tis to play the fool in Folly,
And see with clear Eyes your detested Folly:
I'll be your Guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true Servant,
Ever from this Hour virtuously to love ye,
Chastly and modestly to look upon ye,
And here I seal it.

Marg. I may kiss a Stranger, for you must now be so.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sancho, Caca. Als.

Leon. How do you, my Lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this Matter.
Has my Wife wounded ye? you were well before;
Pray, Sir, be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too. Wife, you're a right one,
And now with unknown Nations I dare trust ye.

Juan.

Juan. No more feign'd Fights, my Lord, they never prosper.

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the Vault?

Altea. 'Tis he, Sir, and as lovingly drunk, as tho he had studied it.

Caca. Give me a Cup of Sack, and kiss me, Lady, Kiss my sweet Face, and make thy Husband Cuckold, An Ocean of sweet Sack; shall we speak Treason?

Leon. He's devilish drunk.

Duke. I'd thought he'd been a Devil, He made as many Noises, and as horrible.

Leon. O, a true Lover, Sir, will lament loudly. Which of the Butts is your Mistress?

Caca. Butt in thy Belly.

Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.

Caca. Butt in thy Face.

Leon. Go carry him to sleep;
A Fool's Love should be drunk, he's paid well for't too;
When he is sober let him out to rail,
Or hang himself, there will be no Loss of him.

[*Ex. Caca, and Serv.*]

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my mahound Cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, would I'd a House too;

For there's no talking in the open Air,
My termagant Cuz, I would be bold to tell ye,
I durst be merry too: I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty Seat, you have the Luck on't;
A pretty Lady too, I have mist both;
My Carpenter built in a Mist, I thank him.
Do me the Courtesy to let me see it,
See it but once more; but I shall cry for Anger.
I'll hire a Chandler's Shop close under ye,
And for my Foolery sell Soap and Whipcord;

Nay

Nay if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a Fool, Cuz.

Leon. I must laugh a little,
And now I've done, Cuz, thou shalt live with me;
My merry Cuz, the World shall not divorce us;
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt ne'er want;
Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye,
I'd live a Swallow here I must confess.
Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honest,
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first:
Hold, this is yours, some Recompence for Service,
Use it to nobler Ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true Commission, Sir,
Now you're a Captain.

Leon. You're a noble Prince, Sir,
And now a Soldier; Gentlemen, we all rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you thro' all Fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Altea. And I must needs attend my Mistress,

Leon. Will you go, Sister?

Altea. Yes, indeed, good Brother;
I have two Ties, mine own Blood, and my Mistress.

Marg. Is she your Sister?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good Wife,
And my best Sister; for she prov'd so, Wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.

Altea. I would not deal so truly for a Stranger.

Marg. Well, I could chide ye,
But it must be lovingly, and like a Sister:
I'll bring you on your Way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest Heart to love ye;
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

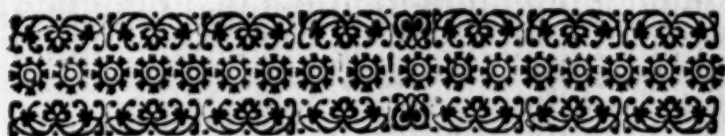
Juan.

Juan. Your Colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,
Wear 'em before the Bullet, and in Blood too;
And all the World shall know we're Virtue's Servants.
Duke. And all the World shall know a noble Mind
Makes Women beautiful, and Envy blind. [Exeunt]

4 AP 54



EPI-



EPILOGUE.

Good Night, our worthy Friends, and may you
 part
 Each with as merry and as free a Heart,
 As you came hither. To those noble Eyes,
 That deign to smile on our poor Faculties,
 And give a Blessing to our labouring Ends ;
 As we hope many ; to such Fortune sends
 Their own Desires, Wives fair as Light, as chaste ;
 To those that live by Spight, Wives made in haste.

F I N I S.





EPILOGUE

O my Night, my country Friends, and many a
 part
 Each wish as every and as free a Heart,
 As you can wish. To these noble Eyes
 That deign to smile on our poor Fancies,
 And give a blessing to our laboring hands;
 As we hope many; to these Fortunes, such
 Their own Doves, Wives fairer Light, as each;
 To those that live by sight, Wives made in hope.

4 AP 54

F I N I S

